



"I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him; — the cause that I knew not I searched out."—Job xxix. 12, 16.

Vol. XXVII. No. 13.

NEW YORK, JULY 1, 1861.

Whole No. 625.

Advocate and Guardian.

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Published, Semi-Monthly,

BY THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE

American Female Guardian Society,

AT THE

House of Industry and Home for the Friendless,
29 East 29th Street, and 32 East 30th Street, New York.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

In order to avoid mistakes in respect to our letters, received by mail, we earnestly request that hereafter all letters on business of the Society may be addressed thus:

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NEW YORK.

Please be particular to place the above box number on all letters.

For Terms, see Last Page.

LEAF FROM A CITY MISSIONARY'S NOTE-BOOK.

"THE world seems to go hard with Tim Bishop, poor fellow; I pity him."

Timothy Bishop was one of the principal workmen in a large manufacturing establishment. Being a member of an infidel club, he boasted of not having attended church for many years. He and his family were free, and his children were being educated to be liberal. His neighbors had the same privilege, he said. Tim had just buried the companion of his youth, who left four children to mourn over a loss which none but the motherless can ever feel. He had buried her as we would a beast; no prayer, no kind Christian word of sympathy; no, he had merely put her in the ground, to molder away, as the last of her, and then with those motherless ones, he returned to that desolate home, of which the only earthly light had been extinguished.

The next day, as he returned to his shop, his sad looks and his worse remarks about his luck, his fate, elicited the above remark from a shopmate.

I "chanced" to call at the shop on business, and as I passed by him, said, "Well, Mr. B., how does the world use you?"

"Bad, bad," said he, relating to me his late trials; "everything goes wrong, somehow."

"And how fare the motherless ones?"

"Well, they manage to do without her, but it is so bad without a head to the house," a tear starting in his eye at the thought of their desolation.

"Have you been to church lately?" said I.

"No, sir; I don't go to such places."

"But is it not a good place for you and the children, now? Do they go to the Sunday-school?"

"Don't talk to me, sir, about those matters; you know I don't allow any one to dictate to me about those things."

I said, "Ye will not come unto me, that ye may have life," and then left him, thinking that it was truly "bad enough." Could a household be much worse—four motherless ones, no God, no Bible, no hope.

A few days after, while passing through the same place, I said, "Well, Mr. B., how goes the world?"

"Bad, bad enough. Children so uneasy without a mother, nothing goes right," his face the picture of despair.

Feeling deeply for his desolation, I remarked: "There is a heavenly Father—suppose you let your children go to Sunday-school, once."

"Don't talk to me, sir."

"But, Mr. B., I do feel for those children, and it would be a comfort to them to go, 'twill do them no harm, surely. Do let them go next Sunday."

"I'll think of it."

"But I want you to promise."

After a little hesitation he promised.

They went and were delighted at the sight of so many happy children, singing together, and talked so much about it all through the week that the father concluded to go with them the next Sunday, after which he promised

for the sake of the children, to go three months.

Two or three times, after Sunday-school was out, he remained to hear the preaching, and began to attend regularly three times a day.

One evening at a prayer-meeting an invitation was given to all who desired to walk in the way of truth and eternal life to arise. Tim arose and said, "If there is a reality in this thing, I desire to know it," and sat down sobbing. Many earnest prayers were offered for him, and before he left the house, his heart was changed.

He went home, and calling his family around him, attempted to pray; he began, "Our Father, who art in heaven," and then the thought came into his mind, "Our Father. The heavenly Parent of myself and my children. O, how I have neglected the precious souls of my dear children. O, my Heavenly Father, forgive me, and teach me thy ways hereafter," and then commending them all to God, the Spirit's work in all of those hearts was soon done.

The next day Tim's heart was all joy, singing:

"I will believe, I do believe, that Jesus died for me."

Shortly after, I went into the shop and said to Tim, "Well, Bro. B., how does the world use you now?"

"I don't care for the world now. God uses me right, exactly right, better than I deserve; bless the Lord, it is all right now."

Tim is a changed man and also many of his shopmates, for they have "got religion."

For the Advocate and Guardian.

THOUGHTS FOR SCHOOL-GIRLS.

PERMIT one, who has a mother's heart, to say a few words to you, who are away from home and your mothers. It is trying to you to be absent from loved ones. Often, very often, you weep and sigh in your own quiet room, and when you lay your head upon your pillow, it is to dream of a joyful meeting and

loving embrace. But did you ever think that it is even harder for your dear parents to spare their daughter? Could your interests be secured, how gladly they would still shield you under the shadow of home. But this cannot be. With yearning anxiety, that mother has sought the safest school-home for you; that father has carefully selected among the many, the very best, in his judgment, where to place his child, for mental and moral discipline. When you left your home, tears and loving words bade you adieu, while a mother's prayers followed you to your new situation. Day by day, and night after night, she thinks of you, and longs for your good. Oh! what would you do without a Christian mother?

How sad the case of those who have only worldly, ambitious or indifferent parents! God pity such and be their helper. But I trust this is not your lot; and, oh! when you bow in prayer, forget not to thank your Father above for this precious boon—a praying Christian mother. That gentle being who bore and nourished you, whose love is stronger than death, and knows no waning, is now separated from you, and do you not desire to “honor” her and her self-sacrificing devotion? I know you do, and how can you do it? By always conducting yourself as she would desire. God is the great “Searcher of hearts,” and to Him are we all amenable, but the faithful, judicious, godly mother, is His living oracle to her children. Possessed of such a mother, you are safe in following the rule just given. At home or abroad, at your duties or recreation, alone in your own room, or in the busy throng, let the question ever recur, “Would my mother approve?” And be sure that you rightly interpret her wishes.

Two school-girls once stole away from their studies and spent a long time after dark, swinging with some gentleman acquaintances. When asked if their mother would be pleased with this, they replied, “Our mother has so much confidence in us, that she would trust us anywhere.” Was not this presuming upon her confidence?

Two other young girls at home, went out one evening and were gone till quite late. On their return, the mother anxiously inquired where they had been. They did not tell her. They had merely been walking in a retired street with two intimate friends. But suspecting that she would chide them, they concealed the truth and left her in anxious suspense. She died without knowing the facts, and many were the bitter tears of sorrow, afterwards shed by those penitent sisters. Oh, how cruel! They knew not what they did.

My dear girls, be sure and make your mother your confidant in *all* things; yes, *ALL*. Imagine not that she is unfeeling and too severe. Fancy not that she is not interested in all that per-

tains to your happiness, however trivial it may be.

There is a prevalent pernicious custom among young girls, that of making some young friend a *confidante*, instead of that best friend, the mother. This ought not so to be, and how many suffer in consequence of it. Some tell mother all, until their first young love springs into being, and then their lips are dumb. Then commences a shutting-up of the heart, and a gradual lessening of soul-communion, which proves a source of pain and heart-sobbing in after years. Fail not, then, to consult her wisdom and wishes in this most important matter. Many have learned, but too late, that a stern control and checking of some early love would have saved them many miserable days or years.

Rid yourself of the idea, so common among your class, that your companion for life must be selected immediately. I have known many who seemed to feel that at the age of sixteen, it was time to begin to think of this thing. The truth is, at that age, you are yourselves unfitted to select a husband, or to decide whom you would in future prefer. Your associates, at this age, very probably may not be your chosen ones when a few years older. Wait, *wait*, then, and let your precious moments be occupied in employments more appropriate to the present. Strive to fit yourself to be a true woman, in this age of light and learning. The time is past when women may go through the world with eyes and ears closed, caring little and knowing less of the great stirring events, which are daily occurring. The whole world is astir. Empires are rocking, thrones crumbling, and time-worn institutions falling. The vast sea of human interests seems heaving and tossing; even the deep-down foundations of the mighty ocean, never before moved, seem swelling and raging in fury, ready to burst their many-fathomed caves and engulf our world and its glory in one common ruin.

Is this a time for us to quietly fold our hands, and be satisfied with ignorance? No, indeed, it is the time to be on the alert to perform our duty, and in order to know our work we must read. I know your excuses, that studies are pressing, and you cannot find time to read. It is sincerely to be regretted that the course of study is, in so many of our schools, so full, and the years so crowded with book-labor, that actually little time can be secured for anything but study. But it is, seize upon your leisure moments, be diligent to gain time, that you may inform yourself upon all these important movements, and seek to learn how you may add your mite of influence to the furtherance of the final triumph of truth and righteousness, believing that God the Almighty is still at the helm.

Imagine not that I would have you masculine or intrusive, or leave your proper duties to be a mere politician. By no means. This know-

ledge, and this deep interest in human welfare, are not at all antagonistic to feminine virtues. On the other hand let your life be adorned with all womanly graces. Let modesty, integrity, decision and faithfulness, constitute the beauty of your character, while love and devotion to the good of all, shall make you an angel of mercy. These graces do not flourish naturally in the soil of your heart, hence cultivation will be necessary. Be watchful each hour, lest noxious weeds choke their growth, and never cease to guard against the “foes within.” This is to be your life-work, and not to be intermitted while at school. The heart as well as the intellect is to be trained.

Be conscientious in little things; strictly honest. In your recitations, never be guilty of that wicked practice of reading your lessons instead of reciting. Do not suppose that because your act is hidden from your teacher, therefore it is not known. Do not your associates see your deception? and above all does not God witness the falsehood? How much better, if you cannot repeat the lesson, frankly to say so, than by this or any other means to endeavor to give the teacher a false impression. I entreat you to view this subject in its true light, and not shield yourselves by saying that many others indulge in the same practice. It is your own heart and not another's, that you are to cultivate.

Again, make a friend of that hideous monster, composition, lest you be tempted. A common but pernicious habit, is that of copying the writings of others, and reading them as your own. It is astonishing to what extent this practice prevails. There seems to be among school-girls, almost no conscience at all, on the subject. Beside being dishonest and wicked, it defeats entirely the end to be secured. Skill and taste, in arranging your thoughts, are very important accomplishments, but by the practice referred to, you cheat yourselves out of a very essential part of your education. Viewed as a moral act, it is most deleterious in its influence. Be advised, then to desist from so ruinous a course.

In your reports, too, be strictly honest, realizing that the eye of God searches the heart. Be frank, open-hearted, manifest such an integrity of purpose that all may safely trust in you. Again, exercise a spirit of cheerful obedience to all school requisitions. In your youth and inexperience you may not be able to see the propriety of all these rules. But trust the wisdom of your superiors in this, as in other respects, and believe they seek your highest welfare, and not the gratification of arbitrary power, as some of you sometimes imagine. Trust them, I say, to guide your little bark, and in the future you will thank them most heartily. All valuable organizations among men, have rules of order, and so must every school, and conformity to these rules

is not optional. If perchance you need and receive reproof, be sure to take it kindly. Your teachers are faithful friends, and instead of resenting a reproof and hating the reprover, lay it to heart, resolving never to deserve a similar censure again, and love, with stronger gratitude than before, the one who has been thus faithful.

Be not dependent upon others for assistance in preparing your recitations. This is an evil habit, and one very difficult to be overcome. Be willing to let your ignorance be known. Pride is a great hindrance to progress.

Strive to be agreeable to your room-mate. At home, perhaps, a loved sister is your constant companion, but here a stranger takes that place. Study her character and tastes, seek to adapt yourself to them, and thus make your room pleasant and happy to you both. Do not be exacting, selfish or fastidious, subject to little prejudices and one-sided notions. Do not allow yourself to take liberties with any articles belonging to your room-mate. Let the Golden Rule be your guide.

Be faithful in all your employments, even in the least. Never neglect one duty to perform another; for duties never clash. Take up each duty as it comes, perform it to the best of your ability, and be satisfied, and ready for the next. Systematize all your labors, having a specified time for each, so far as it is possible. Much is accomplished in this way. Let no duty be neglected, however small. Especially, take time every day to commune with the Father of your spirit, and to learn His will, for without this, you are but poorly prepared for study or any other effort.

In the choice of associates, seek those whose influence over you will be decidedly elevating. As an author has said, "We insensibly im-bibe coloring from those with whom we associate, whether by the living voice or written page." Bear this in mind, and let it have its influence in the selection of associates, and of the books you read. You do not need a large number of particular friends. The old stanza has it:

"Have communion with few;
Be intimate with one;
Deal friendly with all;
Speak evil of none."

This leads me to speak of the government of the tongue. Be wary of that "unruly member." The power of speech is given us for a wise purpose; to be the source of pleasure and not of pain. Be careful, then, lest you "offend in word." Have a kind word for all; it costs nothing, but is "above all price." Watch for opportunities to drop a word of sympathy or assistance, and the heart of the desponding one will bless you. On the other hand, never indulge yourself in ridiculing any of your school-mates. Perchance there may be an unfortunate one, deformed, or by nature not so agreeable as yourself; or perhaps one who cannot dress

as tastefully or expensively as most of her companions. Oh, let not the word of scorn or derision ever escape your lips. Who hath made you to differ? Rather make an effort to speak kindly to such. They will naturally shrink from observation; strive to make them feel "at home," and assure them by your friendly mien, that you are their friend. Under an unpropitious exterior, there may be rare jewels enshrined, well worth the polishing.

And here let us say one word on economy. Whatever luxuries or comforts your parents are able to furnish you, have cost something. Is your father reputed wealthy? He has had to toil for it. Riches come not without stern labor. Remember this, and not waste the means so kindly placed in your hands. Having and enjoying every needed comfort and many luxuries even, is one thing, and a lavish expenditure of money on useless and needless superfluities, is quite another. Never purchase an article simply because you fancy it. Thankfully accept the many blessings your father's generosity bestows, and at the same time avoid a heedless extravagance, of which he cannot approve. As the last few months have demonstrated, wealth is an uncertain stay. One short week is sufficient to make the millionaire penniless. How proper, then, that every young lady, (although now surrounded with all that heart could wish) should be capable of self-support, by some honorable employment, if circumstances should require. Were this the case, how much suffering and heart-crushing would be avoided. What vast multitudes of our own sex are utterly unable to cope with the stern realities of life, when fortune frowns. For such we have pity, and feel that this subject deserves more attention. Have not parents a duty to their children in this respect?

A word in regard to the cultivation of the conversational powers. You should be able to converse easily and intelligently upon topics of general interest. Have an opinion of your own, not hastily, but candidly formed, and then change not without a good reason. At the same time, listen with equal candor to the opposite opinion, and be not forward in expressing your own, which is often best done by interrogations, as an inquirer after truth, in the presence of your superiors or equals.

Talk sensibly. When young girls are together, how much frivolity and nonsense consume the precious time. Spend the leisure moments more profitably. Amusement and recreation you must have, but not that whose influence is degrading. Give folly to the winds, and indulge only in that sprightly and enlivening mirth which will do you good.

Again, practice self-control, so that you may not be mortified by embarrassment, or find yourself in a dilemma as did Mr. K., who, on entering a large company on a rainy evening, remarked very blandly to his friends, "A beau-

tiful evening, madam, beautiful." Be self-possessed, and as one has said, "When you know not what to say, do not say you know not what." Self-control should be regarded as one of the most valuable acquisitions, and sought after as such. Master your passions, and govern your feelings; be cool, calm, deliberate. Avoid extremes, and aim to be a perfect model of a Christian woman.

In conclusion, let me ask, do you write often to those dear ones, at the home fire-side? Could you read that mother's heart, and see the anxiety, the depth of love, the tender solicitude there; you would be faithful in this duty. A journal, kept for mother's eye, would be a treasure to her. If you have been at all negligent in this respect, go now and tell her, as well as you can with ink and pen, your love for her, your appreciation of her self-forgetting care; confess all your ingratitude and crave her blessing.

Neglect not that precious Bible, which her hand, perhaps, has placed in your trunk, and ever seek to be molded into the image of the perfect Pattern.

H.

From the Christian Intelligencer.

A PRAYER.

"The star-spangled banner—O long may it wave
O'er the home of the free, and the land of the brave."

Is thine arm shortened, Father, that now it cannot save
The good, the true, the noble, from the ruin of the grave?
Is thine ear heavy, Lord of Hosts, that now it cannot hear
The prayers that from thy children rise, to save this land so dear?
We know thou'rt ever nearest when our pressing need is great;
That Thou art still a refuge to each tried and tempted State;
That the cause of truth and freedom is sacred in thine eyes;
That Thou fightest with the armies who 'gainst oppression rise.
Oh! well we love our banner—the banner of the free!
That has waved so proudly o'er us, on every land and sea.
It never seemed so precious, so stately, and so grand,
As now, when traitors menace it, with fratricidal hand!
We love its crimson stripes on its ground of snowy white.
For we think of blood that flowed like rain beneath those colors bright;
And there's not a star that's shining on its glorious field of blue,
That must ever pale or scatter, like a meteor from our view.
'Tis sad to think of brothers in hostile bands arrayed,
Whose fathers struggled side by side against the tyrant's blade.
But, oh, 'twere sadder far, to see that starry flag go down,
'Mid the tears of weeping exiles, and the Father's vengeful frown!

O God of Armies! listen, and help us now, we pray:
 Make our freemen strong for battle, and fearless in
 the fray;
 Make our wives and mothers noble in the faith of
 Christ to stand,
 And send their best beloved ones forth for "God
 and native land."
 Be thou in this great conflict, and grant it speedy
 end;
 Be a husband to the widow, to the orphan child a
 friend.
 Let those who fall, fall nobly; and for every one
 that dies,
 Let a hundred, strong to suffer and strong to
 conquer rise.

Brooklyn.

M. E. M.

AN ANGEL.

THE little child lifted its eyes in dumb amazement. It knew not why it was struck, harshly spoken to, and denied the caresses of love. It did remember a time, young as it was, when loving arms enfolded it. To be thrust forth now into the cold and storm, to be clothed in rags, to be fed upon mouldy crusts, was a new and terrible experience. And the little pauper boy sat down on the curb-stone, and tried to think. His feet were bare, red and cold, but never mind that—the chill air penetrated his ragged garments, but never mind that—he wanted to think who were these people passing him looking so warm and comfortable? What did it mean that they should be happy and cheerful, and he so sad? None of them had such heavy hearts, that he was sure of. He looked up into the cold, blue sky. What was it—and who lived up there? Somebody had said once that God would take care of him. Where was God? why didn't He take care of him? O! if he could only see God for one little minute, or the angel, that the good man told him of when his mother died! Did folks ever see God? Did they ever see angels?

An organ-grinder came near and took his stand. The melody he played lightened the little boy's heart somewhat, but it didn't warm him—it didn't make him less hungry. He kept shivering in spite of the music, and he felt so all alone! so despairing! Then the organ-grinder passed away—and the people kept thronging by—they never heeded the little child sitting on the curb-stone, they had so many things to think of. The carriages passed by, and the carts, and a company of soldiers—but it was all dumb show to him—he was trying to think, with such a dull pain at his heart. Presently three or four coarse-looking boys gathered behind him, and winked and laughed at each other. In another moment the youngest—a demon at heart, I fear—gave a thrust, and over went that poor little houseless child into the gutter. One scream—one sob of anguish, as he gathered himself up and looked after the boys now flying away with shouts of mirth. O! how cruel it seemed in them—how cruel. The little hungry boy walked slowly on, sobbing and shivering to himself. He didn't know what he was walking for or where he was

living; he felt out of place, a poor, forlorn spirit that had lost its way—a bruised reed that any one might break—a little heart so tender that a look was anguish, how much more a blow.

The little boy stood at last near the corner of a street. An apple-stand, at which he gazed with longing eyes, not far off, was tended by a cross-looking old man. There were cakes on the stand, and the poor little mouth of the houseless child watered as he saw one boy after another deposit his penny and take his cake. He had no penny, and though there was hunger in his eyes, the cross-looking old man never offered him a morsel. Perhaps the man did not think. Contact with poverty had made his heart grow hard, and hungry faces were no new sight to him.

The tempter came. The old man's back was turned—a vile boy at his side—at the side of the houseless child—nudged his elbow. "You take one," he whispered, "I'll give you half."

The little child gazed at him steadily. He saw something in the bleared eyes that made him shrink—something that set his heart to beating.

"I tell you, hook one," whispered the boy "I won't tell, and we'll go away and eat it."

"I don't want to steal," whispered the houseless child.

"O you fool!" muttered the brutal tempter, and smote him in the eyes, his heavy hand dealing a blow that sent the poor little child against the wall, his whole frame quivering with anguish. The terrible blow had almost blinded him for a moment—a great sob came up in his throat—oh, what had he done to be treated so? Why didn't God take care of him? There never, never was a God, or He would not let him suffer so—and that because he refused to be wicked. I don't believe that ever a man in his deadliest bereavements suffered more than that sad little child. His heart was literally swelling with grief, and though he could not reason about it he felt as if there was great and sore injustice somewhere.

He started to cross the street. A dark blinding pain still made his poor temples ring.

"Back—back! Quick! the child is under his feet—back—back!"

"O! mamma, it is our horse run over a poor little boy—oh! mamma—mamma!"

"Is he hurt much, coachman?" the woman's face is pale as ashes. "Yes, he is hurt badly—take him right in—don't wait—carry him right in and upstairs. It was our carelessness—the child shall be attended to."

There is no anguish now. Perhaps God saw he had borne all he could, and so took the poor little broken heart up there to heal. How very white and quiet!" "O! a sweet face—a sweet, sweet face!" murmurs the woman, bending over the boy and tears fall upon his forehead—tears, but he does not feel them.

"O! the poor little boy," sobs Nelly, "the poor little boy. I wish he had kept on the

sidewalk; I wish he had stayed at home with his mother."

Alas! in this world there was no mother to keep him.

The doctor came, said he was not dead, but would very likely die. There was a hospital near; the poor thing had better be sent there. But the good woman would not hear to that. She would care for him herself, she said; he had been injured by one of her horses, and she felt that it was her duty to attend to him. Besides, it was likely that the child had no mother. Such a boy as he, with a face so sweet and girlish, so pure and loveable, would never be sent on the streets, like that, if he had a mother. Besides—and here her tears fell—there was a little mound, not yet green, over just such a child. No, no, it was not in her heart to put the poor wounded boy away. Let him stay—whether he lived or died.

The weary, weary days passed on. One morning the little boy opened his dim blue eyes, but he did not know himself. His glance fell wearily on his hands.

There were white bands around his wrists with ruffles on them. The bed was so snowy white too, and a crimson light fell over everything.

"Dear God! I am in heaven," murmured the child. "Yes, God will take care of me now."

What vision of loveliness glanced forth from the shadow behind the bed? The rich curls fell all around a face of exquisite beauty, the beaming eyes looked love and gladness upon him.

"O! yes—and that is an angel," he said softly. "I am glad. They won't knock me over again—they won't want me to steal apples here—and perhaps I shall never die again. Now I want to see my mother."

"My dear boy, are you better this morning?" asked a low, soft voice.

He turned slowly, wearily.

"Are you better, dear?"

"Is it you, mother?" he murmured.

"O! yes," and there were quick sobs and tears: "yes, my little child, I will be your mother, and you shall be my son. Will you love me dearly?"

"Yes, I do love you, mother; is it heaven?"

"Heaven—no, darling; it is earth—but God sent you here, to our hearts, and you shall be loved and cared for. See, here is a little sister, and you will be very happy with her. Kiss him, Nelly."

Her rosy lips touched his pale ones, and a heavenly smile lighted up his face. The past was not forgotten, but was it gone. No more mouldy crusts; oaths, harsh words, and blows. No more begging at basement doors, and looking half famished to envy a dog gnawing his bone in the street. No more fear of rude children, who never knew where their own hearts lay; no more sleeping on door-steps, and listening in terror to the drunken quarrels of the vicious and depraved.

Yes, the past was gone, and in the rosy future were love—home—even God and the angels. Certainly sweet spirits had guarded that child, and guided him out of seeming evil into positive good. Surely henceforth he would put his hand trustingly in theirs, and turn his face heavenward. Yes, it was so to be. The dear teachable child, a jewel picked from the mire—a brand snatched from the burning, was yet to illumine the dark paths of this world, with his holy, heaven-like teachings. Like a dove he was to go forth over the waters, and find the olive-branch with which to garland his glad tidings. Blessings, then, on all who hold their arms out toward needy little children, making their homes arks of refuge. Beautiful stars shall they have in their crowns of rejoicing—for surely there is no jewel brighter in all the world, and perhaps in all eternity, than the pure soul of a little child.

Arthur's Home Magazine.

THE ROMAN SENTINEL.

WHEN Pompeii was destroyed there were many buried in the ruins of it, who were afterward found in different situations. There were some found in deep vaults, as if they had gone thither for security. There were some found who were in the street, as if they had been attempting to make their escape. There were some found in lofty chambers. But where did they find the Roman sentinel? They found him standing at the city gate with his hand still grasping his war-weapon, where he had been placed by his captain; and there where the heavens threatened him, there where the earth shook beneath him, there where the lava stream rolled, he stood at his post, and there, after a thousand years had passed away, he was found. So let Christians learn to stand to their duty, willing to stand at the post on which their Captain has placed them, and they will find that grace will support and sustain them.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

MOTTO ON THE PENCIL.

It is sometimes queried whether the Word of God produces immediate conviction of sin, apart from a sent messenger, but we think we have continual evidences that the Holy Spirit, in numberless instances, accompanies the written Word, with power to the heart, and awakens a deep sense of guilt.

The words of poor Hagar, given to her by the blessed Spirit, in her wilderness solitude and trouble, have been used by the same Spirit to arouse many a lost soul to feel the woes of sin.

A lady, who is very much interested in the fallen women of London, and never hesitates about visiting them in any of their abodes, if she can rescue a lost sister from those dens of vice; was one day pursuing her mission of love in a fashionable house, and while passing through one of the rooms, she unintentionally laid her pencil on the dressing-table; she forgot it, and left the place.

The same evening a young girl entered that

room, accompanied by a so-called fine gentleman of the city, she took up the pencil, its motto was, "Thou God seest me." The Holy Spirit carried home the words with power to her soul, she was in an agony of sorrow, her cries of distress so wrought upon one of her companions, that she, too, called aloud for mercy. They would see the lady to whom the pencil belonged; this was Saturday night, and it was not until Sabbath morning, during church service, that the lady was found, and with joy she left the house of God, to visit those stricken souls. The Lord owned her labors, and she rejoiced in spirit, in beholding the two Magdalens truly converted to God. When she related to me these circumstances, she said she delighted in telling them, for it was all so entirely the Lord's own work, that she magnified His grace which saves to the uttermost from vice and sin. She was blessed in doing what she could, and so the Master continues to own her willingness in such painful, unpleasant service. This delicate, refined lady has saved more than thirty poor, lost women by her own feeble, yet mighty endeavors. "Go and sin no more." ESTHER.

INDUSTRY AND INDOLENCE.

THE results of indolence upon communities, are as marked as upon individuals. In a town of industrious people, the streets would be clean; houses neat and comfortable; fences in repair; school-houses swarming with rosy-faced children, decently clad, and well-behaved. The laws would be respected, because justly administered. The church would be thronged with devout worshipers. The tavern would be silent and for the most part empty, or a welcome retreat for weary travelers. Grog-sellers would fail, and mechanics grow rich; labor would be honorable, and loafing a disgrace. For music, the people would have the blacksmith's anvil, and the carpenter's hammer; and at home, the spinning-wheel, and girls cheerfully singing at their work. Debts would be seldom paid, because seldom made; but if contracted, no grim officer would be invited to the settlement. Town-officers would be respectable men, taking office reluctantly and only for the public good. Public days would be full of sports, without fighting; elections would be as orderly as weddings or funerals.

In a town of lazy men, I should expect to find crazy houses, shingles and weather-boards knocked off; doors hingeless, and all a-creak; windows stuffed with rags, hats or pillow. Instead of flowers in summer, and warmth in winter, every side of the house would swarm with vermin in hot weather—and with starveling pigs in cold; fences would be curiosities of lazy contrivance, and gates hung with ropes, or lying flat in the mud. Lank cattle would follow every loaded wagon, supplicating a morsel, with famine in their looks. Children would be ragged, dirty, saucy; the school-house

empty; the jail full; the church silent; the grog-shops noisy; and the carpenter, the saddler and the blacksmith, would do their principal work at the taverns. Lawyers would reign; constables flourish and hunt sneaking criminals; burly justices, (as their interests might dictate,) would connive a compromise, or make commitment. The peace-officers would wink at tumults, arrest rioters in fun, and drink with them in good earnest. Good men would be obliged to keep dark, and bad men would swear, fight, and rule the town. Public days would be scenes of confusion, and end in rows; elections would be drunken, illegal, boisterous and brutal.

The young abhor the last results of idleness, but they do not perceive that the *first steps lead to the last*. They are in the opening of this career; but with them it is genteel leisure, not laziness; it is relaxation, not sloth; amusement, not indolence. But leisure, relaxation, and amusement, when men ought to be usefully engaged, are indolence. A specious industry is the worst idleness. A young man perceives that the first steps lead to the last, with everybody but himself. He sees others become drunkards by social tipping—he sips socially, as if he could not be a drunkard. He sees others become dishonest, by petty habits of fraud; but will indulge slight aberrations as if he could not become knavish. Though others, by lying, lose all character, he does not imagine that his little dalliances with falsehood will make him a liar. He knows that salacious imaginations, villainous pictures, harlot snuff-boxes, and illicit familiarities, have led thousands to her door, whose house is *the way to hell*; yet he never sighs or trembles lest these things should take him to this inevitable way of damnation!

In reading these strictures upon Indolence, you will abhor it in others, without suspecting it in yourself. While you read, I fear you are excusing yourself; you are supposing that your leisure has not been laziness; or that, with your disposition, and in your circumstances, indolence is harmless. Be not deceived; if you are idle, you are on the road to ruin; and there are few stopping-places upon it.—*Beecher.*

For the Advocate and Guardian.

REV. MR. WATKINS' COAT.

BY F. J. BURGE SMITH.

"My dear, said the minister, shaking his head mournfully, as he gave a final brush to the garment in hand, and slowly proceeded to don the habit.

"My dear, if I should be called to marry a couple, I really don't know what I should do! The old coat isn't fit to wear before any body, and where I'm to get another, the Great Giver only knows."

Mr. Watkins did not mean to speak irreverently, but he had reached that despairing crisis which comes to many a poor struggling preach-

er who lives upon the uncertain bounty of a "free church," and his trust in the voluntary benevolence of man had not been materially strengthened since his present incumbency.

The garment in question had made its advent into the parish simultaneously with its owner, and having seen two years of constant service, was most obviously the worse for its use. The original black had changed to a sombre grayish hue, the shiny nap had given place to a different sort of lustre, occasioned by frequent brushing and furbishing, and here and there, a thread-bare spot bore unmistakable evidence of the antiquity of the whole thing.

And yet, aside from the respectability of his appearance before his people, the Rev. Mr. Watkins had an especial fondness for this long-tried body-guard. It had been his constant companion in the pulpit and out of it, for twenty-four wearisome months; had been witness to his laborious efforts in his quiet study, when heart and brain were at work for the good of his flock, had accompanied him on his errands of mercy and love to the miserable, the sick, and the dying, and indeed had clung to him with unflinching tenacity, which none of the changes and chances of this mortal life had been able to shake off.

When he felt its embrace in the morning, it seemed to him almost like the animate clasp of an intimate friend, and when he unloaded it at night, he laid it gently and carefully away with something of the sentiment one feels towards a beloved, but wasted relative, "Alas! almost gone!"

Mrs. Watkins, poor, feeble little soul! Did I say *feeble* soul! never was term more misapplied; never did tongue or pen make a more miserably false 'lapsus!' Her soul had the strength of a Samson, and greater even, since it could be shorn by no insidious Delilah; but, her body, weakened by the too weighty cares and burdens of life, gave quite as many symptoms of decay, as did her husband's dilapidated coat. Her once brown and glossy hair was thickly strewn with silver threads, her brow had lost its smoothness, and showed the impress of many an anxiety, and her plain and somewhat shabby attire bespoke the flabbiness of the minister's purse. She sat, needle in hand, and a basket, up-heaped with patching, before her, in her low chair, beside the study-table, whither she had come for a few precious moments of companionship, before her husband should be called out on some parochial duty.

The children were in bed, and the household labors were over, and this was the only hour in all the day when the sacred interchange of thought and sentiment could be indulged.

As Mr. Watkins greeted her on this particular occasion, with this desponding sentence concerning his old coat, she raised her calm gray eyes to his, eyes in which the strength of her soul was visible, a strength and serenity that

contrasted strangely with the outer man—and said,

"Father, we will not add to the discouragements of life by a distrust of God's good providence, I find the surest comfort in casting my burdens upon the Lord, who will surely help us in the time of trouble; do you remember when we were in such a strait for winter clothing for the children last year, and how the timely supply came from Mrs. Broughton?"

"Yes, that was a fortunate thing, her little folks' speedy growth! it left a grand harvest for our young people."

"Say, rather, it was a good thing for us, God's influencing her heart to send the garments here, Jamie has not wanted an article since. And Mary is provided for for six months to come, I can turn and make over these nice things to such advantage," and the little woman held up a merino frock that one less experienced than herself in a rigid economy, would have cast aside with contempt.

"And that is the only perquisite from our people, since we have been among them, Jane! Could any of my parishioners think of living upon the bare pittance that they expect will support us!"

The minister was in one of his most sombre moods. He had been busy all day upon his Sunday's discourse, and both heart and flesh were weary, and now he must go out into the pelting storm that shook the casements in its fury, to sit with the dying Mr. Grove, and listen to the peevish words of the sick man's wife, who seemed to blame every body for the trouble that had come upon her.

The study looked uncommonly inviting to him to-night, and he needed the soothing that came from the cheerful heart of the little helpmeet sitting there; but stern duty will have no compromises, and it forced him to wrap his cloak about him, and prepare to go from the domestic sunlight into the darkness and chill of the outer world. Still he lingered, now standing at the back of Mrs. Watkins' chair and smoothing the silvery locks that were dearer to him than so many glistening coins. Now drawing a seat in front of her and dropping irresolutely into it, as if half-inclined to trifle for once with conscience, and let the sick man die alone. As his cloak fell back and the full glare of the light streamed upon the old coat, the minister's wife seemed suddenly awakened to its real condition.

"I didn't know how bad it is, James!" said she, deprecatingly, "your figure sets off things so, but really t'would be dreadful for a wedding!"

"I couldn't go," sighed Mr. Watkins, as if a marriage, instead of a funeral, were in immediate prospect. "I should surely have to refuse!"

For a minute they both sat silently regarding the dusky remnant of a departed glory.

The little woman's mind reverted to the hour when her husband stood before her for her admiration of the garment in its pristine excellence, and how her eyes would over-look the coat, and rest with a fonder pride upon the noble brow, that seemed to her immortal in its garb of purity and beauty. She remembered the folding of his arm about her, and the soft, glossy touch of the sleeve, as she laid her hand upon it, and how he said to her with a pardonable vanity, "Jane dear, it does improve a man greatly to have respectable clothing, doesn't it?"

As she thought of this, she spoke aloud, as if she heard the old words and was answering them.

"To be sure, James, it gives an external finish; but after all, the man's the man, whatever his garb; give me a soul, though the body be clad in coarsest raiment, rather than a fool in rich array."

"Well, wife, you have a way of making a man feel comfortable, despite his rags," laughed the minister, "I must be off now, while your flattering words give me cheer, or I shall prove a poor consoler to the wretched."

"Can't you manage to stop at the Wards on your way home? It's such a long time since you called, and they will not notice your clothes in the evening. You can keep your cloak wrapped about you and don't make so many gestures with your right hand when you talk; that sleeve is decidedly the worst, and there's every thing in management. If you sit quiet, with your arm down, the cuff will never show, the upper side is well enough," and kissing her husband good-by, the minister's wife saw him fairly outside the door, and returned to her plodding labors.

Many a woman, bowed down with anxieties and constant work, as Mrs. Watkins had always been since she became yoke-fellow to a preacher of the gospel, would have found vent for her pent-up troubles in a burst of grief when left to muse alone; not so with the heroine of our story.

No sooner had she banished her companion from the study, than her hopeful soul dwelt upon the many mercies vouchsafed her in husband and children, and instead of lamenting over the evils incident to her lot, her grateful heart broke forth through her lips, and her sweet, low voice floated upon the still air.

(Concluded in our next.)

Children's Department.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

HENRY'S LESSON.

"Oh, dear, I wish there were no such things in the world as poor folks and heathen!"

I think they're a nuisance! A fellow can't think of spending a penny for his own comfort now-a-days, but some body will put on a very long face and say, 'Hadn't you better give that to the poor,' or 'That would buy a Bible for some little heathen!' What's the use of having a rich father, if a chap can't have any more luxuries than poor folks? I declare it's too bad that a man can't spend his own money as he thinks best!" and Henry tossed up his bright half-dollar with such a vigorous jerk that it hit the ceiling and left its mark.

A clear, merry laugh came out from behind the curtains of the bay-window, and went frolicking through the room. "'Too bad, that a man can't spend his own money as he thinks best!' Oh, dear," and another burst of laughter, long and loud, softened down at last into half-choking, half-sobbed exclamations, "A man, ten years old! Oh, dear! Oh dear!"

Henry knew that voice, and he knew too well the hectoring propensity of his mirth-loving sister Fanny, to care about meeting her just then, so he coolly walked out of the room, whistling, "Yankee Doodle," fully determined that neither the poor nor the heathen should cheat him out of the enjoyment of his silver treasure; yet Henry was not what would be called a selfish boy, he always divided any little luxury with his brother and sister; and when his sympathies were enlisted, he would give to benevolent objects with a good degree of self-denial. But, like many an older person, the calls upon his purse seemed to him unreasonably frequent. He was experiencing those first conflicts, which eventually expand the soul into a noble, consistent liberality, or shrivel it into sordid, grasping littleness. Half an hour later, Henry's mother called him into the nursery, and gave him two large, rosy apples.

"Oh, thank you, mother!" exclaimed the delighted boy. "Where is Fanny?"

"What do you want of Fanny?" asked his mother.

"I want to give her one of my apples; how nice they are."

"No, my son, Fanny has one just like them, eat them yourself," said Mrs. Lee.

"May I carry one to poor Tom then, I can run there and get to school in time?" asked Henry; "Tom don't have apples very often, you know."

"No, Henry. I don't wish you to give your apples to any one, eat them yourself; you will find them excellent."

Henry looked at his mother with surprise. this was so different from her usual teachings, but he was accustomed to obey, so he put one of his apples in the drawer of his little study-table, and started for school with the other in his hand. "Poor Tom," he thought, as he crossed the alley which led to the old rickety house where he lived. "I wish I could give this to you, I should be happier than to eat it myself, I don't understand mother at all!"

"Poor Tom" was a little lame boy who never left his seat beside the window, except

to be laid on his miserable bed, where he sometimes lay for weeks, in great pain; yet he was always so patient and gentle, that Henry, who had often visited him with his mother, loved him very much, though he could not understand how God's grace could make any one as happy as Tom was, when the body was suffering so intensely.

Henry had reached the school-room door before he thought of tasting his apple, so he put it in his pocket to eat at recess. When recess came, he thought he would give all the boys a "bite," but just as he was going to offer the "first bite" to his best friend, Willie Stevens, he thought of what his mother said, "I do not wish you to give your apples to any one; eat them yourself." "But I can give part. No, mother did not mean I should give away any," and he put his apple back into his pocket, with the half-spoken, "I can't see into it!"

On his way home from school he thought he would eat the apple and have it out of the way. But it did not taste good, he munched away awhile, and finally threw nearly half of it into the street. He felt vexed and cross, angry with his mother, and out of patience with all the world. When he reached home, he saw a poor, half-clad little boy, not more than seven years old, looking into the basement-windows. "Halloa, boy, what are you doing there?" said Henry.

The little fellow started, and looked frightened.

"I was only looking at the good dinner, sir," said he, "I am so hungry," and folding his arms across his chest as if to suppress the feeling of suffering, he tucked his little blue hands under the tattered sleeves of his coat, and turned away.

"Wait a moment, little boy," said Henry, kindly, and he ran down the area-steps and into the dining-room, "Mother, there's a poor little hungry boy out here; may I give him a piece of bread?"

"No, my son, your father can't afford to feed all the beggars in town," replied his mother; "make haste and get ready for dinner."

Henry's lip quivered, and Mr. Lee looked up from his paper, inquiringly, but his wife's glance seemed to satisfy him, for he said nothing.

Notwithstanding this little occurrence, dinner passed off pleasantly, and Henry, having quite recovered his good-humor, set off to school in his usual spirits. When he reached the play-ground, he found a cluster of boys discussing some subject very earnestly. "I say, boys, we might clothe those two, just as well as not, and have them here in school. It is too bad in our free country, if a boy wants to know any thing, that he can't have a chance," said Frank Howard; "I've got a suit of clothes that I have out-grown, and I know my mother will let me give them."

"I'll give another suit," said Charlie Lewis.

"And I'll give two shirts," said Willie Stevens.

"I'll give two more," said Theron Hubbard.

"What will you give, Henry Lee," called

out two or three boys, as Henry approached.

"Give! for what?" asked Henry.

"Why, this morning I saw two little boys trying to learn to read from a piece of old newspaper," said Frank Howard. "I asked them why they didn't go to school, and they said they would be glad to, but they had no clothes that were fit to wear, the clothes they had on were all rags and tatters, and they said they had no others, they told me where they lived; and mother is going to see them this afternoon. If she finds them all right, we boys were talking about clothing them, and having them come right here to school; we've got all promised except shoes and stockings, and caps."

"I can give three or four pairs of socks and one pair of shoes, and perhaps two, if the boys are smaller than I," said Henry.

"Good! now we've got all but the caps; Ike Stuart, will you give them some of your old caps?" asked Charlie Lewis.

"I'd rather give each of them a white handkerchief highly perfumed," replied Ike, with a sneer. "Thank you! thank you! they will need handkerchiefs, I hadn't thought of them," said Frank Howard, bowing very low.

The boys shouted, and Ike slunk off to the school-room.

Boys were soon found to give the caps, and all answered the school-bell with new feelings of happiness. When school closed, they hurried home to make sure of the means to redeem their pledges.

"Mother, may I give away those old stockings and shoes that I have out-grown, to some poor boys, so that they can come to school?" asked Henry, running into his mother's room.

"Why, my son, there are so many calls, it seems as if there were no end of giving."

"But, mother, if these boys are worthy?"

"Oh, that is what every one says; why, Henry, there have been three persons here to-day, with subscription-papers, for worthy objects; you know it is, give, give, all the time. Oh! here is a paper of candy that your Uncle William sent you." Henry received the package with many thanks, and while untying it, had mentally divided its contents among his friends.

"Here, baby-brother, is a nice piece for you," said he, holding out a stick of cream-candy toward the cradle.

"No, my son," said Mrs. Lee, "I don't wish you to give away your candy, keep it all for yourself; it was sent to you."

Henry gave one quick glance into his mother's face to see if she were really in earnest, then dropped his head on his hands and burst into tears.

"I don't want any candy nor apples, nor any thing else, mother," he sobbed out, "if I must be like a great pig, and keep all myself."

"Well, if you feel so badly about it, I don't care if you give some to the baby and Fanny, but to no one else; you know people out of your own family have no claims upon you."

"Why, mother, I had rather give nice things to poor Tom and others who don't have them, than even to Fanny and the baby."

"Do you love Tom better than you do your own brother and sister?" asked Mrs. Lee.

"No, mother, of course not, but they have lots of good things without mine, and Tom don't," replied Henry.

"But 'poor people and heathen are a nuisance,' you know, Henry," said Mrs. Lee, with a smile.

Henry blushed and looked perplexed for a moment. "Oh! I see it all now, mother," said he, with a brightened look, "you heard my silly talk this morning; didn't you?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Lee, quietly.

"Was that the reason you would not let me give away my apples and candy?"

"Yes, my son."

"But that poor, hungry boy," said Henry, with a sigh.

"That was a harder trial for your mother than for you," said Mrs. Lee, "but I could not risk spoiling the lesson I was teaching my son, even to feed the hungry, I wished you to know, by the experience of one day, what a miserable life a selfish one would be, and what a blessed thing it is to have the 'poor always with us, that when we will, we may do them good.' These many calls upon our charity are sent of God to teach us to be like Himself. Did you ever think how entirely dependent we are on the bounty of our heavenly Father? What would become of us if He should withhold His charity from us? No beggar that comes to our door is as unworthy in our sight, as we are in the sight of that pure and holy Being, yet blessings descend upon us from His hand continually. Then we have a still dearer incentive. Jesus says He will accept every kind act done to His creatures, from right motives, as done to Himself. Just think of it, what you do for poor Tom, is accepted as if done for the dear Saviour Himself. The pennies you send to the heathen accounted as so much money put into the hand of Jesus! Oh! my dear boy, is it not a great blessing to be able to give? Have you not learned, to-day, how much more blessed it is to give than to receive?"

"Yes, mother, because I am not naturally stingy, but, to please God the motives must be right, I am afraid I only give because it makes me feel happy, not because I love Jesus, and such giving don't amount to anything, does it?"

"It blesses those to whom you give," replied Mrs. Lee, "though to you, 'it is not counted as gold up aloft.' Do not stop giving, but ask God to purify your motives, and lead you to Himself; then you will know the blessedness of giving as unto Christ."

"May I give away my other apple and part of my candy, and those old shoes and stockings," inquired Henry, eagerly, and—my new half-dollar, too, if I want to," added after a little hesitation.

"You may, at any time, dispose of your play-things and little luxuries, as you please, and the articles of your cast-off clothing, which you find in your play-room, shall also be yours to give away," replied Henry's mother.

"Try to be a good steward, and to judge wisely before you give, you must not waste God's bounty; but use this property for the best good of His creatures. And do not forget to pray for right motives in the exercise of your stewardship."

"Not with a grudging heart bestow
A pittance for thy brother's woe—
All gifts thou freely dost receive,
To those in need as freely give."

HESPERIA.

A BLIND GIRL FEELING FOR A SUNBEAM.

THE sun has just burst out through the clouds, and a heavy golden beam comes in at our window. How bright and cheerful! It comes in so silently, yet it speaks to the heart. Thank, thank God for sunshine! Ages on ages it has illuminated and gladdened a world, yet we hardly think of the great fountain of light and beauty.

Writing of sunshine brings to mind a touching incident which came under our observation as we were traveling in the cars. Opposite was seated a family of four, consisting of a man and his wife, and two children—boy and girl—twins, totally blind. Two lovelier children we never saw. The family were from the South. A Southern sun had given each cheek a rich olive complexion, relieved by a beautiful bloom upon the children's countenances. The boy was lightly built, had finely-chiseled features, and hair of a dark brown, clustering in rich curls around his neck. The girl was yet more slender, and fragile as a leaf, and of the most spiritualized beauty. Her habit was dark. Her hair was black as night, its heavy glossy tresses, confined by a golden band, which glittered brightly upon the dark background. They both seemed happy, conversing with an intelligence beyond their years. The train stopped for a moment upon their route. The windows were all raised, and the children leaned out as if to see. The little girl heaved a long sigh, and then leaned back in the seat, exclaiming, "O mother! I cannot see anything." A tear trembled in her eye, and her voice was so sad and low, that it went to the heart of every passenger who heard the beautiful and unfortunate creature. "Neither can I see, Belle; but I acknowledge that everything is beautiful," said her brother, as the light wind lifted the thin locks. "You are beautiful, are you not, Belle?" Just then a flood of sunshine gushed from the white clouds in the west, like a flash, and then fell full and warm upon the cheek of the sad girl, and upon the tears in her eyes. Quick as thought she put up her hand, and attempted to grasp the golden pencils that were playing through the braids upon her neck and cheek. Eagerly she shut her hand upon vacancy,

and a shadow fell upon her countenance as she failed to touch the sunshine. "Mother, I cannot feel it; has it fled out of the window?" "What, Belle?" "The sunshine, mother. It touched my cheek, but I cannot touch it." The mother's eyes swam in tears, as did those of nearly all in the cars. A blind girl feeling for a sunbeam upon her cheek! That beam was radiant with beauty, yet she could not behold it. It gleamed upon a world, yet all was night to her. Its silver bursting in the east, or its golden fading in the west, followed as day followed day; but it burst not upon her vision, or faded at decline of day. It glowed in the sky, upon forest, and field, and lake, and river; but not in the blue orbs of the sightless girl. By a singular coincidence, the boy tried to feel of the breeze that came cool upon the cheek as the cars sped swiftly on. The breeze swept over the yellow fields and meadows, and still waters, and coquetted with the locks of the blind boy; but its footsteps were unseen by him. We involuntarily thanked God that we could look upon the beautiful world He has made, and dropped a tear for the hapless children who must grope their way to the grave through a long night. But the light of bliss will burst upon them. Long shall we remember the two blind children.

SECEDING VIRGINIA.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Ho! mistress of the rolling James,
And of its mountain strand,
The oldest, noblest, proudest one
Of all our household band;
Thou of the stately form and step,
The flower-encircled hair,
Prime favorite of the fruitful earth
And of the balmy air;
Thou who didst hold thy cresset forth
Ere early dawn had fled,
The morning star whose lambent ray
Our constellation led,
Yet, when a comet madly rushed
Across the argent plain,
Why didst thou leave thy heaven-marked sphere
And join its flaming train?
We loved thee well, Virginia!
And gave thee deferent place,
Pleased with thine ancient dignity
And native, peerless grace,
And little deemed such sudden blight
Would settle on thy bays,
And change to discord and disgust
Our gratulating praise;
For thou hadst given thy great and good
Our helm of State to guide,
Thy Palinurus steered our bark
Safe through the seething tide,
And when we spake of Washington
With grateful, reverent tone,
We called thine image forth and blent
Thy memory with his own.
Our mother nursed thee at her breast
When she herself was young,
And thou shouldst still have succored her,
Though fiery serpents stung;

Virginia Dare, the first-born bud
Of the true Saxon vine,
And old Powhatan, hoary chief,
Who led his warrior-line,
And brave John Smith, the very soul
Of chivalry and pride,
And Pocahontas, princess pure,
The font of Christ beside—
Dreamed *they* that thou wouldst start aside
When Treachery's tocsin rang,
And in her heaving bosom fix
Thy matricidal fang?

Thou shouldst around her fourscore years
Have bent with hovering care,
Who steadfast by thy cradle watched
And poured the ardent prayer.
Thou shouldst not to her banded foes
Have lent thy ready ear,
Nor seen them desolate her joys,
Without a filial tear;
Though all beside her banner-fold
Had trampled down and rent,
Thou shouldst have propped its shattered staff
With loyalty unspent;
Though all beside had recreant proved,
Thou shouldst have stood to aid,
Like Abdiel, dreadless seraph,
Alone, yet undismayed.

Who sleepeth at Mount Vernon,
In the glory of his fame?
Yet, go in silent infamy,
Nor dare pronounce his name,
For thou hast of their sacred force
His farewell counsels reft,
And helped to scatter to the winds
The rich bequest he left,
And in the darkest trial hour
Forsook the endangered side,
And ere the cock crowed thrice, thy true
Discipleship denied.

Oh! that the pitying Prince of Peace
On thee his glance might bend,
And from remediless remorse
Preserve our long-loved friend.

Advocate and Guardian.

NEW YORK, JULY 1, 1861.

VIRTUE REWARDED.

It will be seen by the following, that in a country, less favored in many respects than our own, an institution of high repute has set the example of offering premiums to the virtue of true benevolence, as a stimulus to well-doing. Doubtless many will be found to have respect unto this recompense of reward, and thus a larger amount of effort be secured in behalf of the needy. A far higher motive, however, is found in the words of Jesus, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

"THE PRIZES OF VIRTUE.—The French Academy distributes every year certain prizes for what is called virtue. They are twenty-four in

number, and vary in amount from five hundred to three thousand francs. It is quite a feather in the cap of the women this year, that out of the twenty-four, seventeen have been given to females. The chief prize, however, was awarded to a man, Jean Marc Bost, a Protestant pastor of La Force, near Bergerac. The acts of virtue for which he was compensated, consist in the establishment of what is denominated the Evangelical Family. It seems that without aid or patronage, by his own personal exertions, beginning by receiving into his house one or two Protestant orphan girls, he has been able to increase his establishment to the extent of admitting eighty-seven of these destitute children, on whom he bestows food, clothing, shelter and education! M. Bost has also become the discoverer of a method of cure for idiots, by admitting these poor blighted children of humanity to a place among their fellow creatures. He has discovered in *music* a means of communication between the dark and hidden world of the idiot's brain and the enlightened intelligence of his companions. In two years he succeeds in bringing out all the germs of reason which lie hidden and undeveloped in the sleeping brain of the sufferer."

If evidence were wanting that the moral world is moving onward, it is found in this record. The power of music over the youthful mind is doubtless to be developed and applied to the elevation of the mental, moral and spiritual being, beyond what we can now estimate. How glorious would be the spectacle were the entire race earnestly enlisted in improving and benefiting the condition of each other, and thus making earth more like heaven. Shall it not yet be? "How long, O Lord, how long?"

THE TENTED FIELD.

THERE'S now a point toward which all hearts are turned,

At morn, at noon, at eve, through solemn night,
Awake, asleep, the thoughts instinctive fly,
And hover round the loved near Washington.
Around Potomac's vine-clad, verdant shores,
Near to the tomb marked by a nation's tears,
Are serried hosts bearing the stars and stripes,
Nerved with the patriot's zeal, the martyr's faith,
The son, the sire, the brother or the friend,
Companion, husband, light of some dear home,
Compose the swelling army of the North,
Prepared to stand or fall in freedom's cause.
All hearts claim fellowship with ties like these,
Or tender sympathy with those who yearn
To shield their absent loved ones from all harm,
While the red bolts of war are o'er them spread,
And dangers menace every path they tread.
Oh! may the God of battles be their shield,
Amid the strife and on the tented field.

Long has the Master of the Vineyard borne
With human selfishness and giant wrong,
Besought, entreated, warned, and spared and blessed,
Wearied with listening to the sighs and groans
Of millions, bound with slavery's galling chains,

That love and truth have vainly striven to melt;
At length appears "*the car of Providence!*"
Charged with a mission soon to be fulfilled,
While as a King He sitteth in the heavens,
To turn to foolishness all human plans
Designed to thwart his purposes of love.
To execute against an evil work
A sentence long delayed, but sure to fall.
To answer prayer—that those who day and night,
Have cried with ceaseless importunity,
May know there is a God in Israel,
Who inquisition maketh for the blood,
That from the ground has pleaded, not in vain,
A God, whose higher law must be obeyed,
While human pride and power retire abashed.

O! may repentance yet avert the doom
Of thousands standing o'er a yawning tomb!
May prayer be heard, and peace and right prevail,
Praise rise to heaven that wrath of man is stayed,
And millions saved for whom a Saviour died.

OUR NATION'S BIRTH-DAY.

Eighty-five years ago, the coming Fourth, was, to the fathers of this republic, an era full of intense and solemn interest. "By a mighty hand and stretched out arm" they had been sustained in their herculean task of laying the foundations of many generations, they had repelled the savage, subdued the wilderness, established schools and churches, erected cities, laid broad structures on which their children and children's children might build in hope and faith; still their country was not enrolled as one among the nations. It had no independent constitutional existence.

And now, a day had come in which an instrument was to be executed, declaring these United States a free nation. The honored signers of that document had deliberately counted the cost of the step they were about to take. They were to pledge their lives, their fortunes, their sacred honor; and "live or die, survive or perish," by a solemn act, to consecrate their all to the service of God and their country.

As they gathered around that important scroll to affix signatures to be thus immortalized, through all coming time, did not good angels hover near, and the conscious presence and approving smile of the King of kings overshadow their assembly?

Who can doubt that it was then the honest purpose of every loyal, patriot heart to establish a government in which righteousness and truth and freedom should be enthroned and perpetuated.

Could these fathers of our country rise to-day from their long sleep and after beholding with astonishment and awe, what God hath wrought in this goodly land, observe how *sin* has despoiled it of its glory, behold the blight that slavery has spread all abroad,

and besides the misery wrought by its own inherent wickedness, how it has arrayed vast armies at this very hour, upon the tented field, prepared for deadly conflict, would they not almost weep tears of blood, and desire to hide again in the dust, until these calamities be overpast, and the nation purified from its defilement.

Eighty-four anniversaries of our nation's birth-day have been celebrated. The present generation have witnessed their return from year to year only amid demonstrations of joy and gladness; too often of thoughtless mirth and revelry, and forgetfulness of the Giver of all our mercies.

The coming fourth is to dawn upon our country in a different guise. Hundreds of families in every community, united by tenderest ties, are severed, perhaps to meet no more. What unspoken fears and hopes agitate the bosom of millions. How appropriate the occasion for united prayer for our country, its rulers and gathered armies, for deep repentance, renewed turning to the Lord with full purpose of heart.

It is well that in many sections of our land the day is to be observed as a day of special prayer. May it be a day when the voice of God in his word shall be heard and regarded with that true humility and spirit of filial obedience indispensable to acceptable prayer.

"Thus saith the Lord, keep ye judgment and do justice, for my salvation is near to come and my righteousness to be revealed."

"Amend your ways and your doings, and I will cause you to dwell in this place. * * * For if ye thoroughly amend your ways and your doings, if ye thoroughly execute judgment between a man and his neighbor; if ye oppress not the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow, and shed not innocent blood in this place, neither walk after other gods to your hurt; then will I cause you to dwell in this place, in the land that I gave to your fathers, for ever and ever."—Jer. 7. 3-7.

"Hide the outcasts, betray not him that wandereth. Let my outcasts dwell with thee. Be thou a cover to them from the face of the spoiler."—Isa. 16. 3, 4.

"Thou shalt not deliver unto his master, the servant that hath escaped from his master unto thee. He shall dwell with you, even among you, in that place which he shall choose, in one of thy gates, where it liketh him best; thou shalt not oppress him."—Deut. 23. 15, 16.

"Loose the bands of wickedness, * * * undo the heavy burdens * * * let the oppressed go free * * * break every yoke. * * * Then shall thy light break forth in the morning, and thy health shall spring forth speedily:

and thy righteousness shall go before thee, and the glory of the Lord shall be thy rearward.

* * * And there shall be of thee that shall build up the old waste places, thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations, and thou shalt be called the repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in."—Isa. 58. 6, 12.

"If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land, but if ye refuse and rebel, ye shall be devoured with the sword, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."—Isa. 1. 16, 20.

"Will there be a Bazaar at the Home Chapel next Fall?"

THE above inquiry is frequently heard; also the remark, "If there is to be a bazaar, I will work for it again this summer."

The kind interest thus manifested is duly appreciated, and as the matter must not be left doubtful, the managers desire to state that in view of the very generous co-operation of the friends of the Institution, previous to the payment of the debt, also of the pressing claims of the country, at the present time, they do not propose to hold another Bazaar during the current year. The necessity for supplies will not be abated, and they must rely as ever upon the voluntary contributions of the friends of the friendless to sustain the continued efforts to

"Save the little children of poverty and crime," trusting it may still be put in their hearts to give as the Lord hath prospered them.

Should any former donors, or others, feel disposed to aid the work by the manufacture of such articles as would be saleable at a Bazaar, they may be assured that donations of this description are always acceptable, and may be turned to ready funds at our sales-room, where a Bazaar table and show-case, like a standing Committee, are ever ready to receive whatever may be presented.

Our grateful acknowledgments are due to sundry social and juvenile circles, for the many charitable specimens of industry and skill, that have made our sales-room so attractive and useful.

Our Book Table.

The Soldier's Mission in the Crisis of 1861. By REV. F. N. HASKELL. "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." Boston: Am. Tract Society.

A very neat little pocket-manual, full of important suggestions and excellent counsels, pertaining both to the present and future life. The author and publishers have performed a

timely service, for which they will receive the silent thanks of ten thousand hearts. Speed it on its mission.

Sketch of the Life of Sir Henry Havelock, Major-General of the Indian Army of Great Britain. Published as above.

Another little volume by the same author, containing an abridgement of the excellent memoir of this truly good man, who, in serving his country, endeavored also to perform every Christian duty. The correspondence with his beloved family, dictated among scenes of peril, is of touching interest.

Sketch of the Life of Capt. Headly Vickers. By the same author and publishers.

"Another example worthy of imitation by the Christian soldier in any land, especially in America." Those who have friends or kindred in the army, would do well to forward to them copies of these little volumes. They will not fail to be read with interest and profit by every true patriot.

Swedenborgianism Examined. By ENOCH POND, D.D., Prof. in the Theological Seminary, Bangor, Me. Published as above.

To those whom it may concern, this volume presents the candid, prayerful investigations of a popular Christian divine, whose opinions and researches are entitled to the highest consideration. Every Bible-student will regard it as a valuable acquisition to his library.

Songs for my Children. By the same.

An 18mo. of 192 pages—very beautifully illustrated, and well adapted to the nursery. The little ones will find in it a fund of innocent amusement blended with instruction. We commend it to young mothers.

Minnie Carleton. By MARY B. BARTLETT. New-York: M. W. Dodd. 1861.

A beautiful example of early piety is exhibited in these pages. Children and youth will peruse them with interest and lasting benefit. Well adapted to the Sunday School and family library.

ACTION ON THE STATE OF THE COUNTRY.

At a late meeting of the General Association of the Congregational ministers and churches of Illinois, the following resolutions were passed:

"Met in a time of national convulsion and civil war, we, the General Association of the Congregational ministers and churches of Illinois, deem it important to place on record our solemn convictions with regard to its origin and responsibility, and the duties which it devolves upon the people of God and the nation." Therefore:

Resolved, 1. That American Slavery is responsible before God and man for the present deplorable condition of our country; that the neglect to use appropriate measures in Church and State to secure the speedy and peaceful overthrow of oppression, has involved the nation in civil war; that the slave power has grown bolder and more rapacious in its demands with every passing year; and that its inability longer to control the government, has led to secret plots and open treasonable efforts to break up the Union and subvert our national Constitution.

Resolved, 2. That this rebellion is not only treason against the United States Government, but a revolt against the Divine scheme for the world's advance in civilization and religion, to which our land with its free institutions sustains so important a relation, and is therefore a high crime against universal humanity and an impious defiance of Divine Providence.

Resolved, 3. That the Union instituted by our fathers fresh from the battles of liberty, was intended to preserve and favor freedom, and limit and discountenance slavery; that the Union constituted the several States one nation, with supreme political power in all the respects named in the Federal Constitution; and that the secession of any State can only be revolutionary in nature, while the present secession of slave-holding States is as destitute of moral justification as it is of Constitutional validity.

Resolved, 4. That the present civil war is a heavy but just judgment from the hand of God for our national sins, and especially for the heaven-provoking sin of oppressing the poor; and that as the whole land has been involved in the guilt, so all its sections deserve and must expect to bear the retribution.

Resolved, 5. That as the war is but the ripe and bitter fruit of slavery, we trust the American people will demand that it shall result in relieving our country entirely and forever of that sin and curse, that the future of our nation may never again be darkened by a similar night of treason.

Resolved, 6. That in the spirit of our Puritan ancestors, who preserved English liberty, and of our fathers, who fought in the battles of the American Revolution, we tender to the Federal authorities our cordial support to the very last, in the present life and death-struggle for righteous laws and government, and assure them and the troops who have gone to the defense of freedom, that our prayers shall be continually offered to God that they may have the courage, wisdom, and success, which the emergency demands and the nature of the conflict leads us to expect.

Resolved, 7. That the people of God should aim to give a high moral and religious tone to the war, as one means of obviating the evils attendant upon such a conflict; and that to this

end, pastors of churches and chaplains in the army should by their discourses purify public sentiment, direct the current of national purpose and elevate military ardor, while the churches send forth their members in the spirit of Christian patriotism to fight the battles of their country, and supply the means of bringing religious truth to bear in every appropriate way upon the mind and heart of the army.

Resolved, 8. That we urge upon the Government, the duty of making ample provision for the religious wants of the troops, as necessary alike to the spiritual welfare of the soldiers, and the success of the war; and that we remind the civil and military authorities, that no armies were ever more effective than those of the English Parliament, in which Richard Baxter was a chaplain, and that the invincible regiment of that army was "the Ironsides," led by Oliver Cromwell, and composed of godly men.

Resolved, 9. That we are gratified at the presence of so many religious men in the army, and at the efforts already made under official auspices, to guard the troops against the demoralizing influences of war, and to provide for their spiritual instruction upon the Sabbath; and we express the hope that all possible precautions will be taken not to encourage the desecration of the Sabbath by unnecessary parade or labor."—*Congregational Herald*.

Our exchanges throughout the country contain expressions similar to the above by many ministerial associations, representing the various Christian denominations.

NEW YORK CITY MISSIONS.

A Christian brother, from a sister State, being strongly impressed that it was his duty to labor as a missionary in New York, soon found here the field he sought. The following is a brief record of his first month's labor in a neglected section of the city, to which he was previously an entire stranger.—*Ed.*

In accordance with the command of Him who came to seek and save the lost, I have entered into this already-whitened field, to reap the moral harvest which waits the reaper's sickle. During this, the first month I have labored, I have found enough to appal the hearts of Christians, who dwell in a land so richly endowed with religious privileges.

I have made 232 calls on families; induced 60 to attend church, 45 to attend Sabbath school; distributed 2,000 tracts; attended two funerals; aided 15 families; clothed 35 children; ministered to the wants of seven sick persons. There is a class of our own American population, too numerous for this Christian age, who do not attend any kind of religious services. Indeed, many of them make no preparation whatever for attending church themselves, nor for sending their children to Sunday School.

In some houses I have found twenty families, and not more than three of them where any one pretended to attend church. Some of them object to going to the places already provided for them, on the ground that they cannot clothe themselves well enough, but said that they would go to a neighborhood or mission prayer-meeting, and we have accordingly provided places for such, where we hold a prayer and conference meeting on Monday and Wednesday evenings; and have succeeded in inducing many to attend these places of worship when they would go no where else. The attendance has been from thirty to fifty, many of them being persons who have not been to a place of worship for years before. Much interest has been manifested in these meetings, many have requested prayers; some parents have been convicted of their own sinfulness and manifested an interest in the Christian education of their children.

There are many trials to which some of these parents are subjected in attempting to attend church or in sending their children to Sunday-school. One mother has had her life threatened two or three times, but she continues to persevere in the way of life, and her little ones attend school regularly.

Another one who is under conviction, is persecuted whenever she attempts to go to the Mission prayer-meeting which is the only one she dares try to attend. She has trouble also in sending her little ones to Sabbath-school. She endeavors to teach them to pray when they retire for the night, and the brutal father will kick them while they are saying their little prayers, but the patient mother continues to persevere in her efforts to lead a Christian life; and teach her little ones the knowledge of Jesus, their only Friend.

One morning, I went into a small, dark room, and found a parent, with two children, on a bed of straw; there was no furniture in the room except a small furnace. I listened to the tale of suffering which had reduced them to this deplorable condition, and found that a little material aid, with a few wholesome gospel lessons, might yet save them. The children had not clothes sufficient to protect them from the inclemency of the season, but were obliged to go out in their thread-bare rags to obtain in some way enough to sustain life. This family, thanks to the efforts of the ladies of the "Good-Will Circle," are provided for and attend church regularly.

Many mothers who have become awakened to the future welfare of their children and realize that some of them have already become so ripened in the wicked ways of this corrupt city that they are beyond their control, have expressed a desire to place them in the hands of those who can provide for their temporal and spiritual wants better than they can, and where they will be trained up religiously.

Some parents have become so reduced in their circumstances as to be unable to provide for the wants of their households, and have placed their children in my hands to provide homes for them. I have accordingly taken steps to find homes for such, with the conviction that such measures are the best, and perhaps the only ones to prevent them from growing up as pests to society, eventually to find their permanent homes in our alms-houses and penitentiaries.

I was called, one morning, to attend the funeral of a child, at the mother's request. The father said he did not desire any body's prayers over his child, but finally yielded to the entreaty of the mother, who could not bear to have her little one buried, like the beasts, out of her sight without some kind of Christian service. The neighbors came in, and the opportunity was improved to warn them all to flee from the wrath to come, and suitable Scripture was read for such an assembly, on such an occasion. We believe that this service was blessed to the conviction of a number, and to the conversion of the mother and her brother.

I have found many intelligent and respectable people who make the excuse that they are not acquainted with any church-going people, and therefore do not feel at liberty to attend church any where, but they kindly thanked me for the invitation to attend church and some also sent their children to the Sunday-school.

God seems to have opened the way to labor also among the men of the sea, and many have been induced to attend church and the Mission prayer-meetings. Six have been deeply convicted, and five, we hope, converted, who have gone on their way rejoicing, to carry the glad tidings of salvation to distant lands.

All the cases of families I have mentioned are American, and thus far four-fifths of the visitations have been among Americans.

There is also encouragement to labor among Catholics, as some have been induced to attend our mission services and send their children to Sabbath-school.

EXTRACTS FROM VISITOR'S JOURNAL.

May 1st. To-day fulfilled a promise by taking Willie to see his mother, and was amply repaid for the effort, in witnessing the meeting of the son and mother. Heartfelt joy was manifested by both, large tears rolled down her cheeks, and Willie's eyes were suffused, as they embraced each other. This dear child is nine years old, gentle and pleasing in manners, and his fine face bright with intelligence; a boy that would grace the proudest home.

Mrs. — is a very worthy American woman, who is recovering from a long, severe illness. The kind arrangements of Christian hospitality have provided a place, and secured comforts, care and kindness, for those who are

suffering and poor. The same generous spirit of Christian benevolence has built this blessed Home, where Willie may await his mother's recovery. The wild fever no longer rages, and we hope and pray that strength may soon return to the wasted frame, and "Willie's mother" again enjoy the privilege of working for him. As I looked about upon the numbers of suffering ones there gathered, I thought, Why is it, that we prize so lightly the gifts of health and reason? Do let us all remember to thank our Heavenly Father daily for these inestimable blessings.

Went again to that sad place, the Tombs. Found the mother we sought, guilty of crime, and unhumbled, unrepentant. We tried to soften her feelings by speaking of the poor, deserted children, but in vain. My heart shrank from the hardness evinced in her countenance, and I looked upon her with sincere pity, for "The way of transgressors is hard."

The efforts of Mrs. B. to support her two daughters have been alluded to, they are fine little girls, as much beloved by their mother, as any of whom poets ever wrote or dreamed. It is only a few days since that this poor mother fainted at her work, exhausted by want of food! We can help her a little and again a little. Will not some benevolent hand in which our Heavenly Father has placed the means, be opened wide to supply the necessities of life to this industrious, earnest, hopeful American mother?

Again visited Mrs. P., her son that was sick, had just fallen asleep in death! Upon his countenance rested the expression of one happy and at rest, I regretted that I had not called earlier in the day. His mother said his last words were addressed to me. Whilst by his bed-side, a few days before, he requested us to "sing something about Jesus." What a comfort to know that he rejoiced in that dear name, and loved to hear it; after singing, he said, Will you pray? As we endeavored to plead with God, on his behalf, his whispered responses could be distinctly heard. He was a kind, affectionate son, and his mother depended upon him for her earthly comforts. She is so strengthened and supported under the sore bereavement that she seems scarcely to understand how it is. We are reminded of the blessed assurance in the Word of Truth, "Thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat," Isaiah 25. 4. It is exemplified in this widow, she is sustained by the power of the Holy Spirit, and enabled to bow thus submissively; and say, "God's wisdom is unerring and His providence secure."

Visited Mrs. C., a widowed mother, with five children; they are very poor. Last fall she was cleaning a large window in a fourth story, with her back toward the street, she attempted to pull down the upper sash from the outside,

her hands being wet, slipped off, and she was precipitated to the ground. It seems almost incredible that she was not killed. She was taken to the Hospital; at the expiration of eight weeks, she was permitted to return to her family. Before this accident, she was able to support her children decently, being an excellent laundress, and having plenty of work. Now, with broken health and strength, her utmost efforts are insufficient. We were glad to give a little aid to this anxious mother.

To see the aged obliged to do hard labor, is very affecting. Calling upon a poor family, we asked after the grandmother, who is over seventy; she had gone to do a day's washing, as her daughter was too ill to go. Ah! thought I, it is hard to combat with poverty, but when with it, one has to bear the infirmities of age, the burden is greatly increased. The hope is very pleasant, and how grateful would be the assurance, that if spared to old age, our lives should be made comfortable, and the necessity of labor be far from us, how cheerfully would we, through the intervening years, do all that our hands might find to do, looking forward to that happy time, to be unburdened by the trials of want. Let us adore the Giver of all good, for the glorious assurance of eternal rest and peace awaiting those, who "in the Saviour trust." May we be enabled to look far beyond every earthly trial and disappointment, to those mansions prepared; then shall we count all labor and weariness but as the passing shadow upon the mirror of life's varied landscape.

Visited Mrs. K., found her rapidly failing with consumption, that steady, irresistible foe to mortality. She has five sons, the two eldest are earning wages; when they return from their labor, they kindly attend upon their mother, and take care of the little boys. In this one great comfort, she rejoices, that she has kind children; they do all in their power for her. Surely it is always far better to "Honor thy father and mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee. Would that every child heeded and revered this divine command.

Visited Mrs. S. When we first knew her, she had two daughters. The eldest, a frail, though resolute and very industrious girl, was the chief dependence upon her mother, and the pride and joy of her grandmother. These four constituted the family. That daughter has recently passed away from earth; very deeply do they feel their loss. The remaining one has been striving to prepare herself for the position of teacher. While she is thus endeavoring to carry out the wishes of her mother, her grandparent is using every effort to provide for her, and at the same time cheering and encouraging her. It is very difficult for them to meet their constantly-recurring wants, and yet each trial is borne with fortitude and resignation; and every labor performed with an earnestness that

is most encouraging; many might profit by their example.

Surely our all-wise Heavenly Father has kindly compensated for the want of strength of body, in the "weaker vessels" of His family on earth, by endowing them with much patience and fortitude, and embuing them with an endurance and tenacity of purpose, that can continue long, can surmount grievous obstacles, meet calmly most trying exigencies, and though often "faint, yet still pursuing." In poverty these traits of Christian women are developed fully, and shine forth brightly. May they all endure unto the end, in the performance of every duty required of them. May they bear sickness and sorrow as good soldiers of the Cross, and at last they shall reap the reward promised to the diligent and faithful. E. G.

REPORT OF HOUSE COMMITTEE FOR MAY.

With strong convictions of our want of judgment, imperfections, need of humility, grace and faith, we commenced our duties as House Committee. A beloved sister, long a laborer in this field of usefulness, and who was designated for this post of duty, has been sorely afflicted. Death has entered her household, and removed him on whom she has leaned in life's pilgrimage. He is taken away from earth, and has gone, as we trust, to dwell "forever with the Lord." The great Shepherd of Israel will surely hear and answer the prayers that have been offered for Sister Maginley; may she be strengthened and supported under this affliction.

The Anniversary meetings of our Society were full of interest and solemnity, and will remain, with those present, among the pleasant memories. The friends of Jesus shed tears of joy as they listened to the recitations and singing of the children, once so neglected, now daily taught the things that belong to their present and eternal peace.

In the work connected with this Institution, we are constantly reminded of the truthfulness of these words:

"Life's ocean hath its wrecks, o'er which we weep,
Strewed 'long the coast, and foundered in the deep,
Its rocks and shoals, the treacherous calm beneath,
Its stormy blasts that spread destruction—death!"

These delightful gatherings give annually a precious impetus to our work; "The sight of the eye affects the heart."

These children are living witnesses of benefits received. We gather the testimony of hundreds of families, who have taken to their love those who were "solitary." We learn that many of these are numbered among the church militant, to be, as we trust, enrolled eternally with the church triumphant; and we are constrained to praise the Lord and to magnify His name, that Life's ocean

"Hath its rescues, too; for Christian bands

Stand on the shores of Time, with outstretched hands,

To succor the imperilled, and to save,
From danger here, and death beyond the grave."

Twenty-seven years of labor were gratefully and tearfully referred to by our beloved President. "We desire," said she, "to look with humility over all this way, in which the Lord hath led us, not without trials, but with many gracious tokens of His love and favor." It is surely in the heart of every one of this band of Christian sisters to add a word of love and gratitude to her, who has so beautifully incited others to the work, as she has earnestly followed the leadings of the Master, who on earth went about doing good. The autobiography of this excellent laborer in the vineyard of our Lord, would be welcomed by many. Her example cannot be lost upon us. We have seen her in much weariness, sickness and pain, ever patient, calm and cheerful, lovely and greatly beloved.

The dark cloud of war, hanging over our hitherto-favored land, casts its stern shadow upon us; may it not destroy our hope or courage, but lead us to lay our souls upon God's altar more unreservedly than ever before; resolving to do what we can, and to bear cheerfully whatever is laid upon us, feeling sure that His glory and the advancement of His kingdom will be the ultimate result.

Our Home work is always prefaced with sorrowful details, sickness and death, and the terrible doings of intemperance and its kindred sins. Suffering humanity, in the image of Christ, with overflowing eyes and stifled voices, recount the sad "days of darkness" and destitution! Very faintly, in comparison, can the cold, hard pen narrate these scenes. The pencil of Raphael were not equal to the task of conveying an adequate idea.

A thrilling, though oft-recurring and ever-dreaded scene, is the parting of mother and child, and such was the first case presented for the decision of the House Committee. A deserted wife, her child two years old; she can no longer support him, she has been working in a family, and was permitted to keep him; he has become troublesome; and the people can no longer employ her with her child. The necessary formalities were attended to by Miss G., and the weeping mother left. Then another phase.

A wild-looking woman demanded her children, said her husband had placed them here against her will, and she would have them. We inquired of the Secretary, and found that the demon of intoxication had so taken possession of this person, that she had literally demolished, and "plucked down her house with her own hands," (Prov. 14. 1.) With some difficulty she was persuaded that her husband must come with her, or we could do nothing about returning her children.

Next came, one in military costume, about to leave for Washington, accompanied by his mother and his two children. The grandmother has taken care of the house since her daughter-in-law died, now the family must be broken up. The old lady can have a shelter with another child, and this son still hopes to support her; they have no place for the little ones. The father said he would wish to provide for his children, and should give a donation to the Society as soon as it was possible for him to do so. The two children were received, the father and grandmother left, expressing gratitude and much satisfaction that the children were to be cared for and protected.

Many calls, at the door, from those asking alms, have daily to be attended to, and occupy much time. A very uncleanly woman thus urged her plea, "Sure, an a lady told me, I should get help at this *friendless home*, and I must have help." We said to her, after inquiring into her circumstances, that she had perhaps been directed by one who did not fully understand the objects of the Institution; that she was not entitled to aid from our Society. Her children were grown, her daughters at service in families, and she was "taking in (boarding) girls who were out of places." With difficulty we made her believe that we had no money or bedding to give her, which excited her voluble indignation.

It seems that some of our citizens send beggars to us frequently; we cannot give to them. Those who are not "ashamed to beg" can procure relief from the public fund for paupers. Our friends surely would not send such applicants, did they consider how much is thus added to the burden of care, which is constantly laid upon those who labor in this caravansary of the homeless and friendless.

A man brought to us an excellent recommendation from his pastor in Brooklyn, and besought the admission of an infant four months old. His health is poor, and he cannot earn more than will support his two older children, and he can get no one to take proper care of the baby; it is a feeble infant. We hope that good care will save this 'bird of tiny wings,' and that it may live to be a Fanny Forrester.

Two women, in a state of intoxication, asked after a brother and sister; one called herself their mother and the other their aunt. We found this another instance where alcohol has transformed humanity into fiendishness. When these poor children were committed to the Guardian Society by the legal authorities, their miserable mother was confined in the Penitentiary. We were glad the children were no longer in the Home, and that we could not tell the relatives where they were. What a blight has rested upon their early life! What greater calamity can there be, than a drunken mother! The earthly career of this degraded fellow-creature will doubtless be soon terminated;

the bloated form and reddened eyes gave evidence that poor mortality could not much longer endure the liquid fire.

A respectable-looking woman urged that we take her two little children just for a few days, and let her try to find a place where she can shelter them. Nearly two years ago her husband left her, in search of employment, since which time she could never hear or learn anything of him. She had been living with another family, says she paid one-half the rent, and made out to live by taking in sewing. She had been out of work for weeks, and can no longer obtain shelter. "I think it would kill me," said she, "to part with my children." The Committee decided to admit them.

A pale, feeble man brought his little daughter. Some time since he had given his two sons to the Society, hoping to be able to take care of this his youngest child. No work and poor health compelled him to part with her. Would not the ladies agree to keep her until some one should want her, who would allow him to come and see her occasionally? The request was acceded to, being a peculiar case. We shall hope it will not prevent her finding soon a good home.

For many months past, a minister has been anxious to secure for a suffering, desolate child the protection of this Society. Only four years since both parents of this little girl were members of his church, and together covenanted to train her in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Now that fine-looking man is a confirmed inebriate, a victim of that fearful scourge, far more dreadful than war's desolations, which hath cast down many mighty. The church, ay, the altar! is not safe from that envenomed shaft of Satan's power; "Tell it not in Gath!" for the triumph of the enemy, but, oh! sound a fearful note of warning. That delicate, Christian woman has found "the rest that remaineth." The crushing weight of sorrow brought her down to the grave, and her last breath was used to pray for her unkind husband. The piety of this sad wife and mother had secured the sympathizing affection of those who knew her, and it was very grievous to them that they could not save the little girl from suffering for needed care and attention. Our visitor had also exerted her influence, she had feared, without effect. On Wednesday morning we were surprised to find this man, with his little daughter, awaiting our arrival; he greeted us warmly. King alcohol was not dethroned, although his subject was not wholly bound by his iron yoke; judgment and reason were struggling to assert their power. With much gratification we found that he had concluded to place the dear child under our care. Not until the preliminaries were all settled and his signature affixed, could we repress the fear that he would suddenly change his mind, and

take away the child. We feel that she is saved from terrible influences.

J. S. L.

[Concluded in our next.]

For the Advocate and Guardian,

THE LITTLE GIRL AT THE AGED MAN'S FUNERAL.

On Wednesday of last week, May 29th, I preached the funeral sermon of an old man, Capt. Moses Hitchcock, aged 86 last 5th of January. My theme was:—"Reflections suggested by the death of the aged." (Gen. 25. 7, 8. "Father Hitchcock" was a devoted and confiding Christian; he had been blind for some two years, or more, and he took great notice of his grandchildren; he loved to have them come and see him. He delighted to distinguish them by their voices, and to mark their size and growth by the sense of feeling.

The funeral services were attended at the house where he died, the home of one of his daughters, who resides at Oriskany Falls. As we were about to bear the aged form away to Madison Center, five miles distant, we sang,

"Why do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarm?"

Of course, good old *China*, was the tune. Then came the taking of the last look of the beloved sire, and grandsire, that scene, which, in the *country*, is never hurried. Among the mourners I noticed one robust, healthy girl, about seven or eight years old, perhaps, weeping almost convulsively. When I see tears flow, my heart prompts me to do something, if possible, to comfort those who shed them. A *child's* tears makes the strongest appeal to me, especially at a funeral. With this weeping one I was not acquainted, but supposing her to be a grandchild of the deceased, I took her by the hand, and told her of the blessed Jesus to whom her grandpa had gone, and who would not only take care of the aged who trust in Him, but who also said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

While I was thus talking to her, a step-daughter of the deceased said to me in a low, emphatic voice, "She is a *Home* child." "Your daughter?" I replied, more in the manner of affirmation, than of interrogation. "Yes," was the response: but so spoken as to convey the idea that the one speaking was the foster-mother, which fact she soon stated to me. At first I understood the term, "*Home*-child," to mean simply, one attached to home, and all its endearments, and therefore sympathetic, hence the tears.

A few additional words explained all. She was taken from "*the Home*," in New York City, at the age of about three years. Her name with you, E.—Her foster-parents reside in New York. She loved "*Grandpa*," and he loved her. He had taken special care so to treat her that she should feel herself fully recognized as an equally-loved one among his grandchild-

ren. These items are given to illustrate what I have often seen among the children from your Home, namely, their ardent attachment to the parents, who adopt them, and to all the kindred and intimate friends of those parents.

If the child cannot analyze his or her own feelings, "Does not sorrow and destitution educate the sympathies, and prepare the soul to leap forth in gushing affection to all who are worthy of such consecrated confidence?" More than this: Does not the God of the children who go forth from your Home, bless the dear ones with such quick perceptions, and active emotions, as to call forth interest and love from those who meet with them? May it ever be thus! Yours, truly,

J. R. JOHNSON.

Oriskany Falls, N. Y., June 1st, 1861.

Correspondence.

Strongsville, O., May 30th, 1861.

Enclosed you will find two dollars fifty cents, for *Advocate and Guardian*; nineteen copies were paid for at the commencement of the year. I have delayed a little, hoping to have more to send, but have not succeeded in collecting more. I have very much wished to add ten dollars to my Life-membership, but can see as yet no way to do it. I rejoice that the *debt* is paid, and am confident that all the hearts of the Home laborers are lighter. May the Lord increase your *means* many-fold, and in this day of trouble and fear, be a "shield, a strong tower, and a rock of defence," to the Guardian Society, in all its departments, and abundantly bless its self-sacrificing officers and friends. I have just received and read the *Guardian* containing the annual report, and praise the Lord for what he has enabled you to accomplish. You have some *firm* friends here, who would gladly give more material aid were it possible. You have our prayers and earnest sympathy.

In Christian love, yours,

(Mrs.) A. C. B. LYMAN.

"Should have done my duty better."—*Beloved Friends at the Home*:—The object of this letter, in which I enclose one dollar, is to get the book, "*Home Whispers to Husbands and Wives*," by Melva; having had much experience on the subject of which she writes. I have searched in vain for some book that would treat on that subject, but found none that would apply to my case except the Book of Ruth. It having been my duty to live with my husband's parents between thirty and forty years. If I had had Melva's writings sooner, I should have done my duty better; and I will here say to you, by way of encouragement, that I have taken the *Advocate and Guardian* the last three years, and get all to take it that I can, I send it around among my neighbors; and then it

goes to my children in Minnesota. If I could have had the paper when bringing up my family I feel that I might have done my duty to them better. I love the paper, I love the Institution; it has a place in my heart next to my own dear family. A neighbor said to me to-day, she wished she could see the Home, she could not do without the paper.

Clarkson, N. Y.

Franklin, Vt.

I suppose you are not aware that we live in Canada, although we hail from Franklin, Vt., for convenience. And I will do you the justice to say you have some warm-hearted friends here. I have met with some discouragement; I have been obliged to give up a number of my old subscribers, but I have obtained six new ones. The last package of papers received, I have sent on missionary tours into several towns, trusting God for the result. My papers are great travelers, going from house to house, so that all who will may read.

I do not like to write to you; I want to talk with you, and attend your prayer-meetings. I would like to see your nursery, and it would be my highest ambition to work for your Dorcas-room, but I am getting old, and have many home-duties that must not be neglected.

I would not forget to tell you that when I read, "No Cloud on the Home," my heart swelled with gratitude, and I can truly say that I could bow my head and thank the Giver of all good.

The most trouble I find in obtaining subscriptions, is the plea, that we live in another kingdom, and what we do, we must do at home. My motto is, do the one thing and not leave the other undone. I never read of any province-line in the vineyard of our Lord!

(Mrs.) B. R. D.

DIED, at Kinsman, Ohio, March 10, 1861, Miss Anna E., daughter of Thomas L. and Huldah E. Pitcher, aged 20 years.

Her death was sudden and unlooked for at this time. Her parents were summoned to her bedside in time to receive the last embrace and hear the dying words of a most affectionate daughter. Anna was, through the influence of Divine grace, led to give her heart to Christ when but nine years of age; since which she has rapidly ripened for a better world. Her short life was abundant in labors of love, and her death was gloriously triumphant. It has fallen to the lot of few to witness a death so joyous—a victory so complete. Near the close of her life, she called her friends around her bed, and addressed them in a low whisper, (though distinct,) adapting her remarks to the state of mind of each one, her only anxiety at this time appeared to be that her death may be blessed to the good of the living. She ex-

pressed no desire to live, except that she might labor for others, and the honor of Him who died that she might live. In her last hours she expressed much gratitude to her parents for their faithfulness to her immortal interests, believing that it was through that instrumentality that she owed her present victory over death and glorious hope of eternal life. In that hope she calmly folded her arms in death, and passed away to the enjoyment of the "rest which remains for the people of God."

Com.

A Card.—Permit me, through the medium of your valuable paper, to express my sincere thanks to the friends in Hanover for their kindness in constituting me a Life-member of the A. F. G. Society.

The favor will be long and gratefully remembered.

HARRIET BUSHNELL.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

THE SOLDIER-FATHER.

[As we entered the Home this P. M. one of a Zouave regiment had just called to take a parting leave of his motherless children. As he held a hand of each little one, he looked up tearfully, saying, "You will take care of them; I know you will!"]

"My babes! you'll care for them, I know,
They twine about my heart;
As I to serve my country go,
For them the tear-drops start.

This boy of mine should go with me,
But "marches" are too far;
The Home will be a better place,
Than 'mid the din of war.

Lest I should not again return,
I leave my children here;
With mothers of the motherless,
Sure they'll not want for care."

Adieu, my pets, one fond embrace,
Your mother's God and mine
Will nerve me to defend the right,
And lesser claims resign.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

Who maketh thee to differ?

Who maketh thee to differ? Christian, say,
This humbling lesson hast thou learned to-day,
No more let pride exalt thee, look within,
Deceitful is thy heart, prone to all sin,
Strength for each hour we need, or we shall stray;
Be not high-minded, then, but watch and pray.

Who hath hedged in thy lot since childhood's day,
And by a path unknown hath led thy way?
God's grace alone has kept thee from the snare,
Fed thee with food convenient, and to spare,
Friends, home are thine, unnumbered mercies too,
For sorrows sanctified thy praise is due,

"Judge not thy brother," lest God judgeth thee,
O'erlook his "motes," thine own defects to see;
Much has been given thee, much will He require,
Oh, then, in works of mercy never tire,
Keep Charity's broad mantle round thee thrown,
"Cast bread upon the waters," widely sown,
Let all kind words and deeds proceed from those
Who know the source whence joy and sorrow flows.

"Much does she love, to whom much is forgiven,"
Then point the erring one the way to heaven.

MARY.

Davenport, June, 1861.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

OF DONATIONS TO THE

HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS,

From May 25th to June 10th, 1861.

HOME.

Vt. —Mrs Capt. Green, Brattleboro, per Mrs Fairchild	5 00
Mrs Green, Brattleboro, per Mrs Fairchild	1 00
Achsah M. Hazzard, North Ferrisburgh	25
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LIFE MEMBERS.

N. Y.—Mrs D. M. Brown, Hartford, to apply on L. M. 6 00

WIDOWS' FUND.

Vt. —A friend, Rupert	4 00
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Clothing and Provisions.

Rec'd from May 25th to June 10th, 1861.

Vt. —Poultney, a box containing maple sugar from Mrs A. E. Knapp, also clothing from little Alfred, and a cheese from little M. E.	
East Poultney, a cradle quilt from Mrs Stephen Scott	
New Haven, box of articles from a few friends	
Mass. —New Marlborough, a box of clothing from a few friends, per Mrs H. A. Betticher	
Conn. —Preston, a barrel of quilts and clothing from the Ladies' Sewing Society.	
Black Rock, a parcel of clothing from Miss Brewster	
N. Y. —Greenville, a package of clothing from Mrs Jane Talmadge and Mrs F. E. Hickok	
Lakeville, a box of clothing from Mrs E. Bosley	
Wayne, a box of clothing from friends of the Baptist Ch.	
Wis. —Kenosha, a parcel containing several tidies from Mrs Susan Stebbins	
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ADVOCATE AND GUARDIAN.

VOL. XXVII.

THE ADVOCATE AND GUARDIAN is the organ of the American Female Guardian Society, and *Home for the Friendless*, and is published under the supervision of a Committee, selected from its Officers. It is issued on the first and fifteenth of each month, and has a circulation of forty-five thousand.

The object of the Paper is to aid parents in the discharge of parental obligations, to guard the young from the snares that often lie concealed in life's pathway—to befriend the friendless—to protect and guard the neglected children of our cities, and train them to virtue and usefulness—in a word, to advocate "whatsoever things are pure, lovely and of good report." The avails of the paper, after meeting its current expenses, are devoted solely to objects of benevolence.

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Important Legacies have been lost to the Home through informality. It is therefore earnestly requested of those who design to benefit the Institution by giving it a place in their last Will and Testament, that they would use the following:

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the American Female Guardian Society, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1849, the sum of \$—, to be applied for the Benefit of the Home for the Friendless, or to other charitable uses of said Society.

The Will should be attested by three witnesses, who should write against their names, their place of residence, and state that they signed the instrument in the presence of the testator and each other, and that the testator declared to them that it was his or her last Will and Testament.

NOTICES.

The next meeting of the Board of Managers of the American Female Guardian Society will be held at the Home, 32 East 30th Street, on Wednesday, July 3, at 10 o'clock, A. M. Members of the Board and friends of the Society, are invited to attend without further notice.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

A regular meeting is held every Friday, at 10 A. M. in the Home Committee Room for the purpose of preparing work for the Industrial Schools. Ladies friendly to the effort are invited to attend.

Packages—not letters—should be marked:

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A list of articles, with donors' names and post-office address, should be enclosed in package, and another similar list sent by mail, stating when the package was forwarded.

Aims of the Am. Female Guardian Soc.

1st.—The Society aims to rescue from degradation, physical and moral the children of want, homelessness and sorrow, wherever found—who may be committed to the Society in accordance with its Charter—and after a suitable probation in their institution, to learn to what they are best adapted, &c., to secure for them permanent country homes in Christian families.

2d.—To reach as many as possible of this same exposed class of children, who though prevented by surrounding circumstances, from becoming Home beneficiaries as inmates, may, nevertheless, be withdrawn from the education of the city street, taught habits of industry and propriety of conduct, the knowledge of the Bible, &c., and surrounded by influences that may be protective and saving.

(Several hundred of this class receive food, rudiment instruction and watch-care through the agency of the Society.)

3d.—To afford a place and means of protection for destitute respectable young women, without employment, friends or home, and within the age and circumstances of temptation.

4th.—To aid and encourage destitute American widows with small children, to avoid a separation as long as practicable, by furnishing apparel, bedding, etc. at discretion; securing remunerative employment as far as it may be obtained, and also to admonish the unwary of the moral pitfalls that often abound in the pathway of the lowly.

5th.—To use the Press to enlist the Public mind in behalf of the several classes and objects above named.

Wants.—The Home has been established fourteen years, and has sheltered, fed and clothed, temporarily, over 10,000 children and adults. It has been sustained mainly by charitable contributions, and at the present time is in special need of funds to meet its current expenses, and the pressing claims arising from its enlargement.

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Please always send post-office address—including COUNTY and STATE—in every letter; it saves much trouble, and prevents delay.

Postage on this Paper, in the State of New York, 6c. a year in advance. Out of New York State, 12c. a year, payable at the post-office, where the paper is received.

Postage on Canada papers, which should be sent with the Subscription price, 12c. a year.

POSTMASTERS and others, desiring papers to be discontinued, will please send the name of the P. O. as well as of the Subscriber.

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ADVOCATE AND GUARDIAN.

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